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IDEALS AND OTHER POEMS.

IDEALS

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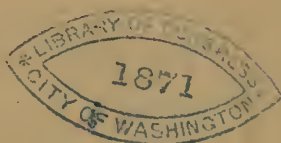
AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

ALGERNON.

~~~~~  
Des Augenblickes Lust hat sie geboren,  
Sie fliehen fort im leichten Tanz der Horen.  
~~~~~



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THE GREETING.

WITH timid step irresolute, the Muse
Her eyes down-casting offers transient
flowers,
Content, if gentle hearts do not refuse
What pleased herself in many pleasant
hours;
With trembling fingers were the garlands
braided;
Oh! may they breathe of life nor be their hues
all faded!

In Nature's gardens infinite the sweets!

The moist Arbutus in close thickets trailing
Its clustered stars beneath Spring's footsteps,
meets

Welcome from wanderers its white beauty
hailing;

The imperial Rose showers fragrance on the
gale,

Yet sweet, Forget-me-Not and Lily of the Vale.

I D E A L S .

ALLADIN's lamp, if thou wert mine,
I'd use the talisman divine,
To realize a Pageant bright,
That in no vision of the night,
Once charmed my senses with delight!

Upon lake Pleasant's flowery bank
A gorgeous dome should rise,
With crystal pillars rank on rank
Its gold roof bearing to the skies.

Spontaneous from the virgin ground
Flowers of all hues should bloom around,
And thousand odors mingle there,
And music tremble in the air.
Light on the glassy lake should float
By fairy spells propelled my boat,
And at my ever open gate
Sparkling with gems my chariot wait.

Choice friends I love, should grace my hall,
And Time's unwearied flight,
Day by day supply for all
A banquet of delight,
Feast and dance and wit and song,
Wafting on their tide along,
Hearts as sparkling and as free
As once haunted Arcady:
Wisdom, with his beard so white,
And deep eye so sharp and bright,
Never should be banish'd quite:
Books, within whose silent leaves
Poets' mirror souls repose,

And the historian his sheaves
In rich bundles throws
Of Experience' ripened grain,
And whate'er the godlike mind
Hath of great or pure designed,
Joining all to build the soul
To a high and cultur'd whole,
And enchantment lend.

Alladin's lamp may ne'er be mine,
Its fairy visions I resign,
Nor after pomp vain wishes send;
Since, though no chariot at my gate
In jewelled garniture await,
Nor palace built by Genii rise
To flash its glories to the skies,
All that renders life divine,
Feast and song and books are mine,
And, what spells could never gain,
The cherish'd friends I love remain;
Their presence sheds a charm around,
And mine is consecrated ground.

INDIAN ODE.

I.—1.

BIRD of Heaven whose dauntless eye
Gleams to the lightnings round thy crest,
Like a cloud that leaves the sky
Pounce upon the warrior's breast!
Terror of the forest gloom,
Dusky Panther, crouching come!
Wolf, desert thy famish'd den,
Hasten to the corse strewn glen!
Tyrants of the feather'd air,
Monsters from each horrid lair,

Scent afar the banquet spread,
Riot on the unhonoured dead!
Cold on Niagara's sounding shore he lies,
Nor sees the yellow sun, nor heeds his country's
cries.

I.—2.

Lo a dank cave, rocked by the torrent's roar,
Wrecks of the fight, a band of dark-browed
men,
Avengers of the land they love, no more:—
The Council fire glares round the savage
den,
And Silence scans the deeds of adverse fate,
Yohewah's sleep and Machti Manitto's fierce
hate.

I.—3.

Grasping the tomahawk and bow,
Like one who darts upon a foe,

Up sprung Ooloro, Seer like winter's night
Burst from the bosom of the brooding storm.
Like glowing coals his eyes with fury bright;
A shaggy bear skin wraps his giant form;
The Eagle's feather binds the war lock round;
Impatient wave his clenched and crimson hands;
Like some tall cliff defying Heaven he stands,
From whose scarred brow the forked thunder-
bolts rebound.

II.—1.

Ocean Manittos, whose yell
Hurries the sable whirlwind's flight,
O'er the flashing briny swell,
Sweeping like the birds of night,
When the drowning wretch's cry
Wails despairing to the sky,
Wherefore mid the waters blue
Whelmed ye not the winged canoe?
Manittos, whose burning breath
Wafts the feathered shaft of death—

Manittos, whose rapture glows
Fiercest, when the red blood flows,
Where lingered ye, when storms of magic war,
Veiled the grieved splendour of the vast fire-
darting star?

II.—2.

Ha! from the yawning gulph they float around,
Girt with the wampum that commands me die!
With backward look, bent on the shuddering
ground,
They shun the terrors of Ooloro's eye.
Like midnight clouds the Phantoms come and
go,
And dash upon my staggering soul in floods of
wo.

II.—3.

Voice of the Lakes, oh drown the cries
That from my people's anguish rise;

A nation's wail poured on the tide of time!

No more our crested chiefs, in regal pride,
Raise their bright eyes to heaven and fronts sublime.

Where shall the wanderer of the green wood
hide

His broken fortunes and despair? Thy frown,
Yohewah, blasts the sinews of our soul:

I see, in wrath, thy dreadful eye-balls roll,
And in thy glances fade the flowers of old renown.

III.—1.

High the pine superior towered,
Green monarch of the sandy plain;
By the whirlwind's might o'erpowered,
His giant pride he reared in vain.

Prostrate on the stricken field,
See the Summer harvest yield;
But triumphing to the skies,
Other pines in joy shall rise,

And the yellow harvest glow
On its place of overthrow;
Greener pines and richer maize
Exulting in the sun's warm rays.
The Red man is heaven's fire, whose transient
light
Shines in the cloud, and then is lost in endless
night.

III.—2.

Fallen are the forests of a thousand years,
And dry the secret founts, whose welcome
waves
Cooled the tired hunter, and indignant tears
Burst from the eyes that seek our fathers'
graves.
Broke is our bow:—birds, beasts, ye have a home,
But faint and bleeding must our exiled children
roam.

III.—3.

And oh! what vision of deepening light,
In solemn radiance charms my sight,
Whose tender lustre streams o'er stars unknown!
Dim, in that glow, the fiery Northern sky,
And snowy pinions glitter round the throne
Of ONE, my soul shall look upon and die.
Not in that blaze the Indian heaven I see:
God of my tribes, to thee Ooloro clings—
I hear the tempest of thy opening wings;
Oh, like Niagara, sweep my burning soul to
thee!

THE CANARY.

Songs, in prodigal excess,
Minstrel, thou hast sung to me,
And now, what can I do less
Than sing one to thee?
But in vain my bosom's feeling
Emulates thy rapturous trilling,
Faint, how faint, the fond endeavour!
While, without an effort, ever,
Ever rising sweet and clear,
Charms thy melody the ear;

Wandering, not lost, in labyrinths where lies
The Soul of Song, and with excess of pleasure
sighs.

On the parlour wall, in pride,
Hangs thy palace, green and gold;
Crystal cups on either side,
Seed and water hold:
O'er the wild and azure sea,
Came the precious cates for thee,
By man's toil and courage won
From the islands of the sun;
China sends the bath below,
Porcelain white as purest snow;
So should affection, taste, and skill unite
To serve thee, lovely child of Music and De-
light!

Stately is my gold Canary,
And his head to every side
Turning, as the sweet sounds vary,
Speaks his bosom's pride.

By the sparkling theme possest,
In himself supremely blest,
Lost in rapture as he sings,
Flame his eyes and flap his wings:
Rising, falling, swelling, rolling,
Pours the tide beyond controlling;
O'er bounding waves of harmony he flies,
Till fainting with the bliss his voice in transport
dies.

If the soul glow in the flower,
If it swell the bird's sweet throat,
Gay Anacreon's tuneful power
Quivers in thy note.
(So old Poets loved to sing,
Hence thy music's secret spring!
Vain was Lethe's deadly blight
O'er the songs of lost delight;
Snatches, fragments, here and there,
Linger in thy dreaming ear;

The impassioned heart with memory's joys o'er-
flows,
Soft as the Moon's pale light, that trembles as it
glows.

Dreams, fond dreams! Imagination
Glorifies the pure and bright,
Hence the delicate creation
Lovely as the light;
Like the tints of dying day,
Like the green wood's warbled lay,
Like the fragrant breath that flows
From the red lips of the rose,
Like all choicest things, expressing
Prodigality of blessing;
Of that perfection, little bird, thou art,
Streaming in beauty, from the universal heart.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THREE ARCHANGELS IN THE FOREGROUND.

FROM THE FAUST OF GOETHE.*

RAPHAEL.

THE sun, in ancient wont, is sounding
 Among Heaven's spheres, a rival song,
 His predetermined circle bounding,
 With echoing thunder-step, along:

*To appreciate the beauty of this grand Hymn of Goethe's, the conception of the poet must be borne in mind. The Archangels are supposed to be contemplating, from some

Strength fills the angels on him gazing,
Although none comprehend his way;
Creation's works, in glory blazing,
Are grand as on the primal day.

GABRIEL.

Swift, inconceivably swift turning,
Earth's beauty flashes now to light,
In all the glow of Eden burning,
And now alternates into night.

celestial station, our planetary system. They express the impressions made on them by the sights and sounds of the Sun and Earth, the former more majestically moving, the latter spinning rapidly on its axis.

Perhaps I ought to apologise for having attempted a translation at all, since it has been done by abler hands, and no one can be more sensible than myself how far short my own falls of the grandeur of the original. If apology be necessary, I must be indebted to the reader for the kindest his good nature may suggest, assuring him (in the words of Cowley) "that I run not to contend with those before me, but follow to applaud them."

In monstrous surges foams the ocean,
From boundless depths o'er rocks uphurl'd,
And rocks and seas, with endless motion,
In the swift course of spheres are whirl'd.

MICHAEL.

And storms roar, wild with emulation,
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And forge a chain of operation,
That girds the earth with energy.
There, flames a blasting devastation
Before the thunder's path of fear!
But, Lord, thy day's soft alternation
Thy dreadful messengers revere!

ALL THREE.

Strength fills the adoring angels, gazing,
Although none comprehend thy way,
And all thy works, in glory blazing,
Are grand as on the primal day.

WHEN THE FLOWER IS TORN AND
SCATTERED.

WHEN the flower is torn and scattered,
What shall bring again its bloom?
When the scented vase is shattered,
Who may gather its perfume?

When the heart for love is yearning,
What shall be, if scorned, its doom?
What may quench its fevered burning?
Oh, poor blighted heart—the tomb!

FLOWERS.

(TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.)

FROM the golden sunshine springing,
Woven of beams divinely bright,
Round the heart of Nature flinging
Chains of tenderest delight,
Flora's art the flowers embroidered,
And their glowing colours ordered
Like the Rainbow's heavenly dyes:
Spring's babes, sigh a lamentation,
Vain your splendid decoration,
Nature souls to you denies!

Nightingale and Linnet, singing,
Boast to you Love's happy fates;
Sylphids, in your petals swinging,
Woo, with antic tricks, their mates;
Venus' rosy fingers, twining,
Arched your crowns, for Love reclining,
Pillows to his rapturous throne!
Weep, Spring's children, that no feeling
Warms your bosoms, heaven revealing—
Love's delight is never known!

Was I banish'd from my Nanny,
By Mamma's severe command,
When I ventured to pluck any
Of your emblems, for her hand?
Ah! life, speech, and love's devotion,
Breathes this passionate emotion,
Voiceless flowers, your beauty in,
And the Archer, whose dominion
Men and gods confess, his pinion
Folds your silent leaves between.

A NEW-YEAR'S CHIME.

THE Church clock strikes the midnight hour,
The dying pulses of the year;
The storm howls like some evil power,
The boisterous night is very drear:
But though the tempest loud is swelling,
And driving clouds heap up the snow,
Peace shelters with her wing my dwelling,
And cheerful is my fireside's glow.

Another year has come—has gone!
How, through the caverns of my soul,

Like muttering thunder, far withdrawn,
Those pregnant words of meaning roll!
Oh! thou mysterious, I, appear
Before my judgment seat, to tell
The thoughts, the acts that filled the year,
Thy hopes of heaven, thy fears of hell.

What hast thou done? What art thou now?
Lord of the world and child of light,
With Reason's signet on thy brow,
Hast thou thy duty done aright?
Mark how the golden stars fulfil,
In harmony, their being's law,
Unwearied, calmly, shining still—
Hast thou, with love, and hope, and awe?

Creation's face, with beauty bright,
Woos thee with soft enamoured eyes;
The flush of day, the calm of night,
Speak the sweet language of the skies;
All loveliness to sense addressed,
Is Nature's offering at thy shrine,

To stamp high lessons in thy breast,
And make of thee a thing divine.

And for thy sake the good have died,
The great, on many burning pages,
Poured out their souls, severely tried,
As beacons for the coming ages;
And in the conflict of to-day
Thou hast beheld what Virtue can,
And wiped the full heart's tear away,
Thy tribute to the worth of man.

Hast thou, with all a lover's fire,
Longed for the beautiful and good,
And with a wing, still mounting higher,
Truth, beauty, clearer understood?
Oh! thousand impulses have striven
To nobler life the soul to win,
To ope the diamond gates of Heaven,
And lead the welcome stranger in!

The Eagle, wheeling to the sun,
He is an image of thy fate!—
Now, thy high flight is but begun,
And wider heavens thy wings await.
See thine existence in the seed;
Though hid in dust it may not die;
The grave itself its life shall feed,
And send its beauty to the sky.

And hast thou brightened love's soft chain?
Hast thou thy brother loved the while,
Press'd tenderly the brow of pain,
The tear supplanted with a smile?
Oh! has one spirit, from thine own,
Been lighted with a holier flame,
The true and lovely better known?
Rejoice! it is the Angels' aim.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Rejoice! it is the Angels' aim,
If but one spirit, from thine own,
Is lighted with a holier flame,
The true and lovely better known!

L O V E .

DEEP in the heart's remotest cell,
And shrinking from all mortal eyes,
Wondering o'er mingled joys and pains,
Lie Nature's sacred mysteries.

The storm that shrouds the firmament,
The tint that flushes in the flower,
And song of birds, and light of stars,
Around it weave a chain of power.

And thither float all shapes that haunt
Each element, in gorgeous bands,
Sparkling like drops of morning dew,
And countless as the blue sea's sands!

Fairies and sylphs, where'er ye rove,
In fire, or air, or ocean's foam,
Or list'ning to my throbbing heart,
In all your festive beauty come,

To breathe a sweet and magic spell,
To bathe in Eden's loveliest dies,
The Rose, that springing from the earth,
Unfolds its petals in the skies.

I was a brook that murmur'd on
(By barren banks), a desert place,
Nor song bird heard, nor saw a flower,
To love and mirror in its face.

Long time a void was in my breast,
Long time I sought that void to fill,

And Hope her tendrils ventur'd forth,
But back they turned, all lonely still.

Sad, to the silent night I breathed
My restless spirit's yearning moan,
And, in the golden blaze of day,
No ray to cheer my darkness shone,

Till one, more bright than happy dream,
More sweet than Pity's softest sigh,
Like evening's tender star, arose
To light my solitary sky.

The Painter's hand, the Poet's tongue,
In vain might struggle to express
The blended charms of earth and heaven,
Her pure, her perfect loveliness.

A being, whom the tempered light
Of heavenly hopes and earthly fears
Shone round—to whom familiar were,
Habitual smiles and casual tears.

Sweet is the breath of rising dawn,
Sweet winds o'er Summer founts that rove,
Sweet Spring's return, but sweeter yet,
The consciousness of love for love.

A gentle heart throbs on my own,
Soft, loving eyes upon me shine,
And rosy lips are murmuring low,
Delicious hopes that all are mine.

SONG.

THE light that shines in Hannah's eyes
Is kindled at some magic shrine,
Its fount is Summer evening skies,
And earthly still, is still divine.

The breath that sweetens Hannah's lips,
Is stolen from the conscious rose,
That strives their crimson to eclipse,
When blushing in her cheek it glows.

Grace, like faint harmonies entwined,
 Floats round my Hannah's every motion;
An angel's sigh upon the wind,
 Her soft voice claims the soul's devotion.

But sweetest, crown of all, her heart
 With love's own rapture throbbing free,
Like heavenly glory lights each part,
 And, dearest Hannah, throbs for me.

SONG.

“Υδωρ ἀριζον.” Πινδαρος.

“To water yield the highest prize:”

Though Pindar preach, his Greek is vain,
To dim thy brightness in my eyes,
Ambrosia of the soul, champagne!
Then sparkle, sparkle in the glass,
And as the meteor splendors pass,
Come, to the meditative soul,
Instruction from the flowing bowl.

See how the silver bubbles rise,
Each, chasing each, the other on,

Those are life's silly vanities,
They swim, they glitter and are gone.
So all things, delicate and fair,
Are diamond sparks of empty air,
To dance an instant on the stream,
Then vanish like a painted dream.

Yet haste before the brightness dies,
And drain the glorious draught divine;
What though like all life's joys it flies!
Oh! quicker make its moment thine.
If Folly, from her spangled wing,
A sparkling shower of beauty fling,
Bareheaded let me greet the rain,
Till not a golden drop remain.

Be mine to float on Fortune's tide,
By flower-crowned banks my vessel steering,
Or on the raging ocean wide,
Nor sun, nor moon, nor star appearing,

Still ever innocently gay,
(For Grief to me has lost her way,)
My soul shall life's enchantments drain,
And sparkle like the glad champagne.

LINES.

THE tortured soul by passion riven,
Pants vainly for repose;
No joy from earth, no hope from heaven,
Its wasted desert knows;
To cruel pangs a helpless prey,
That eat the core of life away.

Alas that Love, the rose whose bloom,
Made Eden doubly blest,

Should bear the thorn, the fatal doom,
To wound the heart it press'd;
That scalding tears, and bitter sighs,
Should nurse the flower of Paradise!

The heart must love, or die—to be
Unloved, unloving, were
The depth of central misery,
The blackness of despair.
O sweeter far the silent tomb,
Than life without its light or bloom!

Soul of my soul! from thee removed,
My spirit feels a blight,
As if all that made life beloved,
Had perish'd from its sight;
A bark by tempests madly driven,
Without one pitying ray from heaven!

L I N E S .

THERE was a time, when Phantasy
Her rainbow visions wove,
When every throb that stirred my heart,
Woke answering throbs of love.

Hope sweetly sung her heavenly lay,
And oh, her radiant eyes,
More brightly shone, than silver stars,
That fill with joy the skies.

Alas! those eyes are wet with tears,
Ceased is that lovely hymn,
And flowers that in my pathway bloomed
Are blighted now, and dim.

The fragrance of my life is gone,
And all that charmed before,
My heart has lost its genial heat,—
When shall it throb no more?

THE FAREWELL.

(TRANSLATION FROM GOETHE.)

SPEAK my eyes the farewell sadly,
Which my pale lips never can;
Anguish rends my bosom madly,
And yet still I am a man.

Mournful in this bitter hour,
Sweetest pledge, at love's command,
Cold the kiss, without life's power,
Faint the pressure of thy hand.

Oh, how once the stolen greeting
Thrilled my heart with soft delight,
Like Spring's earliest violet, meeting
Wanderer's unexpected sight.

Hence, no more fresh chaplets wreathing,
Rosy crowns I twine for thee,
Vainly May is fragrance breathing,
Dreary Autumn frowns for me.

LINES.

BROTHER, to whose bruised heart,
Life a desert waste appears,
Lonely, in dejection trod,
Watered by thy tears,

Can I say restrain the sigh,
Cease our lot to sorrow o'er,
Seal the fount whence feeling flows,
Be a man no more?

Rather let me clasp thy hand,
Press thee warmly to my breast:
Speak thy sorrow, without shame,
Without fear, confess'd.

Let thy tears be prompt to flow,
(Earthly stains they will remove,)
And for all things cherish ever
Impulses of love.

THE DEPARTED.

O, LOVELY visions of the dear departed,
That float upon my sighs to soothe my woe,
Ye come to whisper to the broken-hearted,
Of that far land to which I long to go.

A face, O still my fondest dream of heaven,
Faint as a moon-lit cloud, swims in my sight,
A voice, so sadly sweet, like lutes at even,
Breathes the soft music of long past delight.

Again that loving heart is lost in mine,
Again I feel it throb with love's devotion:
Stay, Angela! O, how can I resign,
What wakes to rapture all my soul's emotion!

O, thou dost hear me! Gently, fondly, pressing
In thine my hand, thou dost awhile delay,
And, trembling from thy lips, I hear a blessing,
Heaven calls, but Pity forces thee to stay.

Slowly all leave me with a benediction,
Fainting in light like music's distant flow,
Leaving the holy, comforting conviction,
Our friends above us love the friends below.

CLOUDS.

GLORIOUS and beautiful, with changeful shapes,
Float in the concave firmament, ye clouds,
Whether with flashing glance and trumping
 loud,
In banded cohorts, mustering stern and dark,
Ye sweep around the world, or bathe your pin-
 ions,
At morn or evening in the golden sun!

Black is the northern sky; the red-fanged lightning

Flashes defiance; hark the awful roll,
Calling the legions of the storm together;
Thick, in hot haste the obedient squadrons join,
Waving their banners, and with measured step
Ascend the zenith. See, the blue sky yields
And owns the conqueror. A flame, a crash,
Shaking earth's centre, and the hearts of men
Bowing with fear. A mighty rushing wind.
Like tortured spirits, moan the bending forests,
And wave their thousand arms in deprecation.
Insufferably the horrid deluge pours,
An ocean bursting o'er its ordained banks:
The beast slinks to his cave; the frightened
bird

Cowers in the bush; no sight, no sound of life,
While the majestic clouds assert their empire.

The tempest passes. Man's sad heart revives.
He joys to see the promised bow of colors:

Serene it bends its mystic sevenfold arch,
And skirts with glory the retiring storm.
But mark where, like pavilions of the gods,
Islands of glory round the setting sun,
The clouds repose, all colors and all shapes,
Castles, and towers, and minarets and cities,
Emerald, and gold, and ruby, changing ever!
Oh! waft me hence upon thy purple wings,
Phoenix of heaven, and sweep creation round!

Why are the changing clouds magnificent,
Exceeding painter's pencil beautiful?

Fountain of beauty, is it not that thou,
Thy own perfections thus dost shadow forth,
And *thy* works must be grand or beautiful?

God's oracles declare his love for man,
And grand or lovely is the cloud, that man
May build himself in grandeur, and in beauty.
Hence trills the music of the wild bird's song,

And hence the fragrance of a thousand flowers;
Hence, like the shoutings of embattled hosts,
Thunders the cataract; hence the glow of
 colors,
Earth's green or snowy mantle, heaven's soft
 blue,
Star-light and tempest, and the rainbow's arch.

Earthly are they, the clouds, but not of earth
The glorious light that flushes in their bosoms:
From heaven it comes, and with a touch divine
Kindles the earthly, till transformed, sublimed
To radiant loveliness, it floats away
Into the depth serene, a thing of heaven.

Then let the soul take lesson from the cloud,
Rise from the earth, and catch from heaven its
 glow;
O, it shall be receptacle of beauty,
Itself more bright, more glorious, more beau-
 tiful,
Than evening cloud that canopies the sun.

THE WOLF.

MANY grand heroic legends
Boasts the olden time,
Which the kindling spirit leaps to,
With a swell sublime;
At their memory, lights the eye,
Quicker beats the heart,
Impulses, like sound of cannon,
Rouse us with a start.

Once there was a monstrous wolf,
To the farmer's fold

Demon of destruction,
Cunning, swift, and bold;
Nightly killed she sheep and lambs
Hunger to assuage,
And the owner, in the morning,
Tore his hair with rage.

Oft, with baying hound and rifle,
Poured the country round,
And the monster's traces followed
O'er the scented ground ;
Oft the trap, insidious, lurked,
Baited sly with hunter's care,
But the hound and rifle scaped she,
And she snuffed the snare.

Hot pursued, a narrow cavern
Was her safe retreat,
Where nor dog nor hunter ventured
Wild beast in the dark to meet:

All around its shaggy mouth,
Scattered on the stones,
Relics of her victims lay,
Skins and horns and bones.

And the farmer's heart sank in him,
For he saw his flock
Melting like the dew away,
And the foe his efforts mock.
Then there came a stalwart youth,
Gold his hair, and blue his eye,
And he said, "when next ye hunt
I will fortune try."

Cold the night; the fleecy snow
Gently fell till morn,
And when rose the morrow's sun,
Lo, a sight forlorn!
Crimson snow, and throttled sheep
Trampled, torn, he saw,
And the fresh and reeking traces
Of a monstrous paw.

Rouse the hunt in thunder up!
Straining on the track
Open-mouthed, breast-high they run,
The melodious pack!
And the blue-eyed youth is there,
Deer-like, rifle in his hand,
Over mountain, over plain,
Sweeps the hunter band.

Now they near the horrid cavern;
Madly swells the chorus,
Manly shout, and bay of hounds,
Mounting up sonorous,
For, behold, the cruel murd'ress
Turns and strains a lengthened howl,
Ere she seeks the inner darkness,—
Vengeance fills each soul.

Panting, leaning on their rifles,
Stand the hunters round,
And the blue-eyed youth a moment
Sits upon the ground;

Then he rises fresh, collected
Life's exhausted powers,
And he says with joyful voice,
"Now the wolf is ours."

Started back a step, astonished,
Each bold hunter then,
For they knew the stripling meant
To explore the den.
And they begged him to desist,
But it roused his pride,
On his cheek the glow that flushed,
Would not be denied.

And he bade them bring a rope
Round his breast to tie,
Knife and rifle seized in hand,
Priming scanned with curious eye;
Then he gave his last direction,
Bold his voice and full,
Bade them, when a jerk they felt,
Rapidly to pull.

Down upon his knees he creeps,
Round his breast the rope;
Horror swells their throbbing hearts,
His, a daring hope.
In the dark he disappears,
Breathless round they wait;
Oh how mount to years the moments,
While they dread his fate!

Suddenly they feel a jerk,
Hear a rumbling growl,
And with trembling hands they pull,
Pull with all their soul;
And upon the trampled snow,
Torn and bleeding, closed his eyes,
Oh! how changed the gallant boy,
Death-like pale he lies!

Anxious pressed the hunters round him,
Rubbed his temples bare,
Till the friendly cares revived him,
And the pure cold air;

Then upright the stripling sat:—

While like April flowers,
Oped his eyes, he murmured low,
“Now the wolf is ours.”

When strength came, he told his story,
(Stronger grew his tones,)

“Narrow is the cavern’s throat,
Covered o’er with bones;
Cautiously my way I groped,
Peering through the dark,
Trailing on the ground my rifle,
Ready for a mark.

“ Thus some thirty feet I crept,
When a growl I heard,
And it seemed a warmer air
Quickly my hair stirred;
Then I saw two eye-balls glowing,
Right my path before,

Fired my rifle at their light,
And I know no more."

Once again the rope he binds
Firmly round his waist,
And the trusty knife and rifle
In his hands are placed.
Soon the rope is gently pulled,
And the youth appears;
Not alone,—the wolf he draws,
Holding by the ears.

Of innumerable heroes
May New England boast,
Bolder than their hearts no billow
Sweeps her rock-bound coast;
On the land, or on the sea,
In the wild beast's den,
At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
They are godlike men.

Freedom! when thy thrilling cry
Through the wild-wood rung,
Who to justify the right,
First to battle sprung?
Thine the men, New England, bared
First their bosoms to the knife;
Honour roused them to assert
Liberty with life.

Writ in characters of light,
On the roll of fame,
Proud New England's peerless star,
Blazes Putnam's name:
Yet a youth, the bloody wolf
From her den he tore,
And in manhood drove a tyrant,
Bleeding, from our shore!

N I A G A R A.

OH, I behold thee! with suspended breath,
Hang on thy lovely horrors,—and adore!

Marvel of grandeur! sheer through riven rock,
Prone down the giddy precipice, invincibly,
Headlong, a deluge sweeps, with solemn tumult
And azure arc, and foaming clouds of snow,
Wreathed with the bow of Heaven's own tender
dies,

And, from the torn abyss, a voice of thunder
Shouts to the listening stars, and sun, and moon,

And the deep concave trembles to the peal!
 Such blasts,—none other,—breath'd that vi-
 sion'd Angel,
 Whilom who stood, one foot upon the land,
 One on the moaning sea, clothed in a cloud,
 A rainbow round his head, his face a sun,
 Pillars of fire his feet, and cried to heaven,
 Time's consummation! Awed I veil my face,
 As if the angel waved his wings above me.

Yet, mighty thunderer, I than thou am mightier,
 For of my spirit's power, myself I feel,
 Impart of power, and more than I receive,
 And thou for me wert made, not I for thee,
 Nor in my own eternity canst share.

The time shall be when thou, a drop of dew
 Upon a trembling leaf, shalt be exhaled,
 And o'er thy loud dominions, silence reign,
 Astonish'd, listening to her beating heart!

Then, voice of inland oceans, shalt thou be
To him who thanks thee for ennobling thoughts,
Less than the murmur of a flying dream.

IMPLORA ETERNA PACE.

Tired of life, its wisdom, folly,
Of its hopes, and of its fears,
Of its mirth, and melancholy,
Stranger, shed for me no tears!

Cold the grave my heart is pressing,—
(Welcome, if emotion cease,)
Ask for me this only blessing,
Peace, profound, eternal peace.

FRAGMENT.

HE saw the eternal mansions of the blest,
Not as before they burned upon his view,
In indistinctness, but all clear, confess'd
Each waving outline, and resplendent hue.
All trees of beauty there luxuriant grew,
And flowery rainbows waved along the
ground;
In purple clouds their fragrant breath upflew,
And swam that region of enchantment round,
And painted birds sang forth in soft melodious
sound.

A tempered glory, such as well might seem

Harmonious radiance of the sun and moon,
Suffused each lovely vale, and hill, and stream;

Rills multitudinous, with soothing tune,
O'er white sands murmuring, lost in shade, then
soon

Sparkling in light, that mirrored thousand
dyes

Of flowers, depending, or profusely strewn

By happy hands, reflected serene skies,
And echoed to the swell of sweetest harmonies.

From greenwood shade, the crested hunter
sprung,

Like morning shadows fled the panting deer;
With shout triumphant, mount and valley rung;
The soaring Eagle screamed those bursts to
hear;

On echoing lake and river, far and near,

Like glancing arrow sped the light canoe,
The flashing paddle urged its swift career,

And, like the milky way in heaven's pure blue,
The line of sparkling light that swept the water
through.

Upon the wigwam's greenly shelving bank,
The warrior children wondered o'er the bow
Before whose aim the spotted Panther sank,
Or strove the wily tomahawk to throw.
In the clear fountain's undulating flow,
The hunter's wife, his spoils observant laved,
And songs of valour lit her dark eye's glow;
Celestial grace his wings around her waved,
And swept away each trace the cares of earth
had graved.

There, too, he saw the loved of earthly time,
His father's sprite with bearing proud and
high,
The mother fond, who watched his budding
prime,
The few who lived but gloriously to die,
With winning smiles, and looks of love pass by.

Transcendent sweet the sounds, mysterious,
grand,
Like birds and winds and ocean's melody,
That hailed the warrior to the spirit-land,
Entrancing all his soul with magical command.

PREACHING IN THE WOODS.

LOVELY is the ancient forest
 Bending o'er a virgin sod,
Where, save wolf or trooping deer,
 Seldom foot hath trod;
Birds, in clustered boughs are singing
 Echoes to a waterfall,
And each wild flower, perfume breathing,
 Waves a brilliant coronal.

But not lonely is the old wood;
 Through its arches dim,

Soft as voices of the sky,
 Floats the Sabbath hymn!
'Tones of child, and man and woman
 Chains of liquid accord bind,
Now in full bold current swelling,
 Fainting now upon the wind.

Blessings, surely, round are hovering,—
 Let me seek the holy spot,
Join my own devout thanksgiving,
 Be the world forgot.
Anxious thought and week-day trouble,
 Hence, oh hence awhile depart,
Peace, exceeding understanding,
 Pass into my soothed heart!

Sweeter than Arabia's spices
 Is the earnest voice of prayer;
With delight, good angels waft it,
 Hovering in mid air,

Till with tides of rapture mingling,
Shout of spheres and glory's hymn,
Thundering from Heaven's burning choir,
Cherubim and Seraphim.

Now the fervent Preacher rises,
And his theme is heavenly love,
Tells how once the blessed Saviour
Left his throne above,
Unto sinful man descended,
Veiled his Godhead in our clay,
Gave his broken flesh and blood,
All to cleanse our sins away.

And he says—In distant days,
Famine raged in foreign land,
Parched with drought was every field,
Heaven an iron band,
Darkly, in each other's faces
Men looked, with despairing eyes,

Loved ones' calls for succor, answered
Only burning tears and sighs.

One poor starving household, numbered
Husband, wife, and children three,
Infinite their deep distress,
Pitiful to see!

Swell the parents' hearts to breaking,
Listening to their offspring's moans,
Constant is the mother's weeping,
Unrestrained the father's groans.

Gone are all their small possessions,
Doomed to death they seem to be,
If, to save the rest, one is not
Sold to slavery.

Oh! last sad and dreadful resource,
See the miserable pair
Clasp the children to their bosoms;—
Sobs and shriekings fill the air.

Shall our first-born, sighs the father,
Be upon the altar laid,
Wearied frame and bruised spirit,
Buy us bitter bread?
Thou, whose mercy to the shorn lamb,
Winter's rigor tempers mild,
Listen to thy servants' sorrow,
Guard the dear and tender child!

On his neck the mother falling,
Tightly folds the fainting boy;
Oh, he is her young love's dream,
Earliest, sweetest joy!
In his locks her fingers wander,
Kiss she stamps on lip and brow,
"Husband, husband, spare my darling,
Worse than death is parting now."

And is this the little daughter?
Beautiful her angel face,

Faded though the cheek, once kindled

With a rosy grace.

Meek she kneels, and uncomplaining,

And her dark full eyes, the while,

Fill with tears, and vainly ever,

Vainly still she tries to smile.

Now the father's strong emotion

Bursts beyond all guarded bound;

Passionately, the faded blossom

Twine his arms around.

“Oh! my lovely wife's sweet image,

In her girlhood's bloom thou art,

Eye and lip and brow the same,

Naught shall tear thee from my heart.”

In the cradle sleeps the infant,

Soft its fragrant breathing, deep;

Such around, the heavenly legions,

Watchful warder keep.

Sad, as o'er it bend the parents,
Fast and faster rain the tears,
And it seems, as warning voices
Whisper mournful in their ears.

Vain the travail of their souls,
Nature's pleading voice too strong;
Can they harm the unconscious sleeper,
Careless of the wrong?
Death, they sigh, has less of anguish
Than from these dear ones to part;
We and they will die together,
Die upon each other's heart.

Human love, exclaims the Preacher,
Is a high and holy thing,
From its pure and tender root,
Sweet the flowers that spring;
Love divine has mightier trophies,
Holier, purer triumphs won:

God so loved us, that he gave
Unto death his *only* Son.

Oh! how then the storm of feeling
Burst, of that vast multitude!
Down they fell, as autumn leaves
By the wind are strewed.
And oh! blest and holy spirit,
Visible in love that day;
Did not then the tears that flowed,
Sins of many wash away?

Ancient woods whose solemn aisles,
Lost in thought, I loved to roam,
Plucking flowers, or silent gazing
In the deep blue dome,
Ye are far, but dear unto me—
Oh! my eyes in dimness swim,
When sad memory backward wanders,
And I hear that Sabbath hymn.

FROM THE TORQUATO TASSO OF GOETHE.

ACT SECOND.—SCENE FIRST.

A SALOON.

PRINCESS—TASSO.

TASSO.

UNCERTAINLY my footsteps follow thee,
Dear Princess, and bewildering thoughts usurp,
In mad disorder, my distracted soul.
Me, Solitude seems beckoning, whispering
sweetly,

With pleasant countenance, "come I will loose
The newly wakened doubts that rend thy
breast."

Mightier one glimpse of thee! O let me hear
One word of thine and I again shall see
The clear pure light of morning dawning round,
And every chain fall clanking to the earth!
Freely I own, this unexpected guest
Not gently waked me from a lovely dream.
His speech, his presence, have with such strange
power
Possessed me, that I feel my being doubled,
And struggling in a fresh bewilderment.

PRINCESS.

'Tis vain to hope, the dearest friend whose life
Has long been fashioned in a foreign clime,
Should, at the moment when we clasp his hand,
Be what he was to us in days gone by.
Antonio is not radically changed,

Let him be with us but a few days only,
The jarring strings shall tune themselves again,
Till happily a charming harmony,
Anew unite them. When he better knows
All thou hast done, assuredly his hand
Shall place thee by the Poet's side, whom now,
Like some vast giant he confronts thee with.

TASSO.

Ah! lovely Princess, Ariosto's praise,
Sung by Antonio, has more pleased than
pained.

Charming it is unto the Poet's ear,
To hear the praises of a mighty Poet,
Who flames in heaven to light our struggling
steps.

Deep in the silence of our hearts, we whisper
"Attain a portion of his worth, and thou,
Thou too shalt have a part of like renown."
No. What stirred up the passion of my heart,

What yet throbs in the centre of my being,
Is how the whirling figures of the world,
In restless, monstrous, measured circles move
Around one man and hearken to his voice,
Who dares to dictate like a demi-god.
With greedy ear I heard, delighted hung
On every word his sage experience uttered;
But ah! with every breath I keener felt
My own unworthiness; I feared to waste
An empty sound, an undistinguish'd nothing,
An echo dying in the cavern'd rocks.

PRINCESS.

Why, how! You seemed to feel, intensely feel,
The hero and the Poet were allied
By inextinguishable sympathies,
And each the other for his own sake needed.
Glorious indeed the act that merits song,
Yet O, how beautiful the vivid power

To launch the achievement on the sounding
tide,
That rings it in the ears of future worlds!
Content thee from this little State, whose bosom
Swells to thy lyre, as from a quiet shore,
To see the stormy waves all dashing round.

TASSO.

O, was it not here, first, amazed, I saw
The crown that decks the temples of desert!
A strange, shy boy, I came at that bright moment,
When crowded festivals Ferrara made
A glowing focus of the beams of honour.
O, what a sight! The arena's mighty bounds,
Where wont the splendour of the State to shine,
Hemmed in such glory, as the golden Sun,
Who all things sees, shall never see again.
Here throng'd in crowds the loveliest of women,
In crowds the noblest spirits of the age.

Astonish'd through the pressure ran the eye.
Shouts rent the air,—“Our own dear father-land,
Our little wave-beat shore sent all these hither.”
Noble, beyond all precedent, and grave,
And grand, the just tribunal then they founded,
The rival claims of merit to decide.

Go through the mighty mass, thou found'st not
one,

Who of his neighbour felt not inly proud.

Then open wide the splendid lists were thrown,
Stamped chargers, glittered helm and shield,
Pressed squires officious in, the trumpet clang
Rose wildly, shivered to the hand the spear,
Strongly struck, sharp resounded shield and
helm,

Rising in clouds, the whirling dust concealed
The conqueror's triumph and the conquered's
shame.

O, let me drop a curtain o'er the scene,
That in this moment of delirious joy,
My want of merit may not be intolerable!

PRINCESS.

While this renowned circle, these exploits,
Thine ardor fired, and kindled emulation,
Alas! I on the couch of sickness languish'd,
And learned the silent discipline of suffering.
The high festivities, your glowing lips
And tongues of thousands, for successive years,
Since emulous have praised, I could not see.
In stillest solitude, impervious
Even to the broken echo of a joy,
Was I condemned to bear the heavy weight
Of bodily pain and melancholy thoughts.
Death waved his sable wings before my eyes,
And spread them wide to hide the changing
world.
Slow was his flight when finally he flew,
And dimly, as through crape, the varied tints
Of life, pale, yet how lovely, bloomed again!
Again I saw life's sweet development.
'Twas then, when first, supported by my wo-
men,

I left the doleful chamber, came Lucretia,
Full of fresh life, and led thee by the hand.
Thou wert the first that welcomed me to day.
Sweet were the hopes that clustered round my
 heart
For thee and me, nor have they all been vain.

TASSO.

And I, bewildered by the pressing throng,
The whirling bustle, blinded by the splendor,
My frame all trembling with emotion, stole
Away, and, silent by thy sister's side,
The quiet galleries of the palace treading,
Thy chamber reached, where thou didst soon
 appear
Upon thy ladies leaning—O, for me
Moment of fate that stamped my doom! For-
 give,
But as the presence of a God might speak
Peace to the drunken and distempered sense,

So charmed my soul a single look of thine,
From every mad, irregular desire,
And all the erring spells of phantasy.
Then, first, my skillless impulses reclaimed,
Else, blindly wandering after thousand errors,
Blushing with shame I shrunk into myself,
And learned man's worthy objects of pursuit.
Thus, in the silent bosom of the shell
Concealed, is found the precious pearl reposing,
Sought on the sea's extended sands in vain.

PRINCESS.

Those were indeed ripe seasons of delight,
And if his Highness of Urbino had not
My sister ta'en to him, ours had been years,
Gliding away in tranquil happiness.
Alas! how miss we now the frolic spirit,
The heart so sensitive and full of life,
The wit, wild sparkling, of the lovely lady.

TASSO.

Too well I know, since that unhappy day
She parted hence, the unavailing struggle,
To light thy bosom with a ray of gladness.
How oft the thought has torn my anxious
breast,

How oft the wild wood heard my moans for
thee!

Ah! I exclaimed, is this a sister's right,
Monopoly of bliss, to check her sighs?
Is there no other heart of worth to win
The prize of confidence? No soul whose
chord

Answers to hers? Are wit and spirit dead?
And was this admirable lady then,
Thine all in all? Dear Princess, pardon me,
But on this theme I oft have thought and hoped
Something to be to thee, some trifle only,
In act, not word developed, to disclose

How in its silent throbs my heart adored:
How have my skillless efforts drooped and
failed!

PRINCESS.

Tasso, I ever felt thy wish to please;
Thou art, my friend, too quick to chide thyself.
But mark with what attuning harmony
That sister's spirit strung itself to all.
How happens it, that thou canst scarcely find
Thyself reflected in one friend?

TASSO.

Reproach,
Yet tell me who the woman, who the man,
To whom I may, as unto thee, my soul
Open, and hope according sympathy?

PRINCESS.

Now that we have Antonio back again,
Surely thou mayest a wise friend find in him.

TASSO.

I hoped it once; I now almost despair.
How would his learned intercourse instruct,
His counsel aid a thousand ways! He has,
I will confess it, all wherein I fail.
Yet did the Gods all gather round his cradle,
To bring him presents? Ah! the Graces staid,
Unfriendly, distant. He to whom they fail,
May with endowments overtop the world,
But Friendship never on his breast reposes.

PRINCESS.

Yet may be trusted. Confidence is much.
Thou must not of one man ask everything:

All that he promises he will perform.
Let him declare himself thy friend, he will
Most providently care wherein thou lack'st.
You must be bosom friends. I flatter me,
This pleasant task in short time to accomplish;
Only resist not in thy usual mode.
Long as our mild and tender Leonora
Hath been our own, her hast thou ne'er ap-
proach'd
With trusting confidence and met her hope.

TASSO.

Thy will I have obeyed; my own had led
Backward, averse from near acquaintanceship.
Supremely lovely though the lady be,
I know not how it is, but seldom only,
Opens my bosom to her. Even when she
Some favour plots, some little friendly deed,
Her conduct tells it, and it jars the nerve.

PRINCESS.

Upon this road we never can expect,
Tasso, to find companionship. This path
Leads only through a solitary wild
And silent vales. The more the shrinking spirit
Effeminates itself, and wildly pants,
(Longing intensely,) to restore within,
The golden age that fails it from without,
Alas! the less the hope to reach the goal.

TASSO.

O what a word, my Princess, hast thou spoken!
The golden age, ah! whither hath it flown!
The golden age for which each vainly sighs!
When the glad unappropriated Earth,
Like frolic herds the human race o'erspread,
When over plains, with flowery rainbows
 painted,
The ancient tree its grateful umbrage waved,

Shepherd and Shepherdess its shade enjoying;
And sweet and delicate the coppice near,
Arbor delightful, wove for longing love;
When all serenely bright, on silver sands,
The yielding flood embraced the water nymphs;
When in the emerald grass, the timid snake
Innocuous, lost himself; the curious fawn,
By some bold boy surprised, bounded away;
When every bird that skimmed the azure deep,
And every beast that swept through mount and
vale,
Spoke plainly—"what is pleasing is permitted."

PRINCESS.

My friend, the golden age indeed hath gone,
Recoverable only by the good;
And should I tell thee plainly what I think,
The golden age, wherewith the Poet wont
Cajole us, was as iron as the present;
Existed ever, now it would exist,

And we its blooming season might recall.
Still throb with mutual beat, related hearts,
And interchange the pleasure of the world.
Change in your motto but a single word,
My friend,—“what is becoming is permitted.”

TASSO.

O that there were, of nobler virtuous minds
A grand tribunal, with unbounded sway,
To fix the boundaries of the becoming,
To disabuse the selfishness that deems
Its own utility is the becoming!
The great and knowing act the maxim now;
Proper for them is all, and all permitted.

PRINCESS.

Would'st thou know truly what is the becoming,
Of woman ask the tender revelation:
For hers the chief concernment, on each act

To stamp the impress of the fit and proper.
Propriety surrounds, as with a wall,
The delicate and lightly harmed sex.
Where reigns good breeding, woman reigns
supreme;
Where license dominates, she sinks to nothing;
And this the line of just discrimination,—
Man strives for freer action, woman's heart
Moves in the circle of the pure and true.

TASSO.

You think us rough, untamable, unfeeling?

PRINCESS.

Not so, but after distant good you strive,
And your exertions must be violent.
You dare to bargain for eternity.
Earth has for us one solitary prize,
And close at hand the perishable flower,

Too often fading on the breast it graced.
Men's hearts are never sure, however warm
The throb tumultuous, that once echoed ours.
Beauty that wins your admiration, soon
Falls from the stalk, the poor superfluous rest
Charms you no more, and what charms not is
dead.

When men shall live, who, woman's trusting
heart

Know how to estimate, and rightly feel
How rich a treasure of devoted truth
Her panting bosom can enshrine, O, when
Only remembrances of happy hours
Assert a glowing empire in your souls,
When your quick eyes, so penetrating else,
Shall pierce the veil which age and sickness
throw

Unpitying round us, when possession brings
With calmness no becloved satiety,
O then indeed a lovelier day will dawn,
Our carnival of love, our golden age!

TASSO.

Your language rouses in my bosom, cares,
Lulled almost into a delightful sleep.

PRINCESS.

What mean you, Tasso?—speak without reserve.

TASSO.

Oft have I heard, this very day, again,
Its iteration heard, and had I not
Perceived it, must believe it, noble princes
Thy hand solicit. What we must expect,
We dread, and fear soon droops into despair.
Leave us thou wilt, and it is natural,
Yet how to bear the loss, hard to divine.

PRINCESS.

Be for the present, Tasso, unconcerned;
Almost I add, be unconcerned for ever:
Here am I willingly, and would remain.
No strong temptation know I, hence to lure me,
And if indeed you wish to hold me here,
Be social harmony the tie. Thyself
Be happy—make me happy through thyself.

TASSO.

O teach me all that's possible to do!
To thee are consecrated all my days:
When thee to praise, when thee to thank, my
heart
Unfolds itself, O, only then, I feel
The purest happiness that man can feel;
Only in thee, I see the god-like glow.
As the immutable decrees of fate
Soar over councils and designs of men,

So, overtop earth's choicest spirits, others.
What seem to us, enormous billows rolling
Tempestuous, they leave unobserved to chide,
Like gentle ripples murmuring round their feet,
Hear not the storm that howls and casts us
 down,
Our lamentations scarcely comprehend,
And, as we treat the child restrained from play,
Leave us to fill the air with sobs and cries.
Lovely Divinity, how much I owe
Thy patience! like the sun thy glances dry
My tears, fast swelling o'er the eyelids' bounds.

PRINCESS.

It is but justice, that all ladies owe thee,
In friendliest guise to meet him, whose sweet
 poem,
Honours in many ways the tender sex.
Them, bold or timid, thine the delicate art,
To paint still ever loveable and noble.

Even when Armida tempts our rising hate,
Her charms and love achieve a ready pardon.

TASSO.

All grace, all truth, that echo in my song,
Is the reflected loveliness of one.
No ghostly, undefined phantom, swept
Before my brain, that lightly skimmed my soul,
Lightly approaching, and as lightly passing.
With my own eyes, have I distinctly seen,
Each virtue's, beauty's, charming archetype.
What by that pattern I have made will live;
The heroic love of Tancred for Clorinda,
Erminia's shrinking unobserved truth,
Sophronia's strength of soul, Olinda's danger.
Shadows they are not of a phrenzied brain,
Immortal are they, for their life is nature.
And what hath better right to live for ever,
To live and work its silent destiny,

Than the sweet mystery of a noble love,
That shrouds its modesty in poetry?

PRINCESS.

And shall I say there is one winning trait,
Which imperceptibly creeps through the poem?
It lures us near and nearer, and we listen,
We listen pleased, and think we understand;
The flattered apprehension cannot chide,
And so the poem makes us all its own.

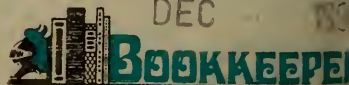
TASSO.

O what a heaven thou dost reveal to me,
Dear Princess! Blind me not, thou glare of light,
That I may see this all un hoped-for bliss,
On golden beams, magnificent descending!

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